Dr Robert Wild's LAST LEGACIE; OR A POEM SENT

With a *Guinney* to Mr. *B. D.* for a *New-years Gift.* December 30. 1678.

SIr, since the *Proclamation* from the King,
For apprehending any Man, or Thing
Of whom we may be jealous; I have got
One able to Discover all the Plot;
By the *Great Cross* he weareth, you will see
Ground to suspect, he *Catholick* may be.
Long *hidden in a Corner* he had been,
And loth I found him to be known or seen;
His *Words but few*, and those in Latine too;
What you can make of him, I pray you do:
For though he sets a *Good Face* on the Thing,
And pleads that he hath *Count'nance from the King*,
(As too too many Counterfeits, you know
Delude and cheat the World by pleading so)
He is *no Native*; but from foreign Parts
Came over to bewitch our English hearts.
Seiz'd on as soon as landed, and convey'd
Into the *Tower*, and there a *Priz'ner* made;
There he was *Try'd*, & *Cast*: Thence made *Escape*,
And now goes *Currant* under *Royal Shape*:
Yet you I suspect him by his *Blushing so*,
For that's an Argument of *Guilt*, you know.
He *goes* by *Name of Guinney*; new-coin'd names,
And new-nam'd Coins are Jesuitish Games;
Give me *old Gold*, with *English names*; like these
Crowns, *Nobles*, *Angels*, and *Jacobusses*.

*EB65. W6437. 679d

I muſt not be miſconſtru'd, let him wear
The *Image* of the *Lawrel* he doth bear,
And never *given to change*; may no Diſaſter
Ever prevail to make him *change his Maſter.*
For I prefer, and ſo all Subjects True,
An *Old Jacobus* far before *A New*:
It is the *Matter*, not the *Form* I charge;
And here in his *Impeachment* might be large,
As far as from one *Indie* to the other,
Againſt both Gold and Silver his pale Brother.
We find St. *Peter* in the daies of Old
(That was the *Golden-Age* that hated *Gold*;)
Had neither Gold nor Silver, but when they
Uſurp'd the Chair, they baniſh'd Faith away:
And when theſe once forſake the *Tripple Crown*,
Both *Pope* and *Popery* muſt tumble down.
'Tis theſe ſet men together by the Ears,
Put Difference 'twixt the *Commons* and the *Peers*:
Theſe have the great Command at *Sea* & *Land*,
They *Raiſe the Army*, they can it *Diſband*:
They *Hatch'd* and *Brooded* the late curſt Intent,
To *Kill the King*, and *Change the Government.*
For them———vote, by *them* they Riſe,
'Tis Love to *them*, upholds *Pluralities.*
For them the *Lawyers* brawl; *They* fool the *Wiſe*:
They caſt *a Miſt* before the *Judge*'s Eyes:
They pay the *Penſioner*, the *Pimp*, the *Miſs*:
They brought the *Treaſurer* to *what he is.*
If they don't fetch him off, off flies his *Head.*
And who can help't, They *cannot raiſe the Dead.*
Their Charge is infinite, I muſt give over,
Let *Praunce* the *Silver-ſmith* the reſt Diſcover.
Mean time, do you Sir under Lock and Key
Keep Guinney *ſafe, for fear he ſteal away,*
For if but once he can get out of Door,
Twenty to one, *you never ſee him more.*

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